

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM

(B. B. B.)

A YOUTH IN AGE.

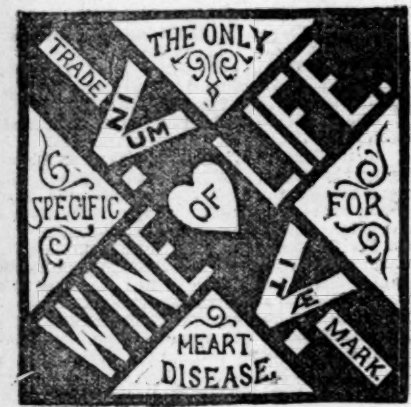
A GIANT IN POWER.

Over 1,000 Doz. Sold to Atlanta Druggists Last Year.

All over the land, wherever used, from the mildest to the most severe cases of blood poisoning, it has proved a powerful remedy. From all over the country comes letters expressing gratitude and praise for its wonderful merits. Those having any form of blood poison, or feel feeble and debilitated, should procure of some druggist who has taken B. B. B. as his motto, and use it. Those who have tried all other remedies, and are not cured, should not delay in taking this standard remedy.

We are aware of very little that we would say. Advertisers are usually believed, so we would ask of those of those who have tested the merits of B. B. B. If desired, we will mail our 32-page book of certificates of cures to convince doubters.

BLOOD BALM CO.
Box 241 2d St. N. W. Wash. D. C.



From the columns of this paper you will learn that death from Heart Disease is a daily occurrence.

WINE OF LIFE is a specific for all forms of Heart Disease.

WINE OF LIFE will cure Asthma.

WINE OF LIFE will regulate your Liver and Bowels.

WINE OF LIFE will relieve Throat and Lung Troubles.

WINE OF LIFE is a certain Kidney Cure.

WINE OF LIFE Purifies the Blood.

WINE OF LIFE will eradicate Mercurial poison from your system.

WINE OF LIFE is a splendid Tonic for Delicate Females.

WINE OF LIFE is an unequalled Female Regulator.

Read the following

TESTIMONIALS

A clergyman writes as follows:

No. 18 McCullum Street,
Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 11th, '86.

Wine of Life Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

For twenty years I have been afflicted with Organic Heart Disease. By a mere accident I got hold of and used a part of one bottle of Vinum Vitae or Wine of Life. It acted upon me like a charm, and gave me almost instantaneous relief. It relieved me of those dreadful morning sicknesses caused by enfeebled action of the heart. It gave tone, vigor and regularity to this vital organ. I believe Wine of Life is truly a specific for this dreadful disease, and will cure any curable case of heart affection.

Respectfully,
REV. J. W. NELSON.

What an Atlanta lady says of Wine of Life.

220 Foster street,
Atlanta, Ga., October 16, 1886.

Wine of Life Company:

Gentlemen:—It affords me great pleasure to give you an account of my experience with your valuable preparation, Wine of Life. For six months I have suffered with constipation, pains in head, back and lower extremities, and profuse hemorrhages. My monthly sickness ceased to make its appearance, and I felt like a complete wreck. While in this situation I was treated by a prominent physician in this city. He gave me no relief. About three weeks ago I changed physicians—the second physician at once prescribed Wine of Life. After taking two bottles I find myself a new woman—pains all gone, my monthly sickness re-established, and no signs of hemorrhage. I am very thankful for this wonderful restoration of my health.

Very respectfully,
Mrs.

Another minister writes:

Wine of Life Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen:—I have been a sufferer with Asthma with more or less congestion of liver and palpitation of the heart since 1870. I have tried all medicines and remedies heard of suggested during that time. I have found none that did me so much good as Wine of Life. It relieved me quickly. It is pleasant to take, and it gives me a good night's sleep and sleep well at night, and from taking one bottle of Wine of Life I find myself after two weeks a new man. I believe Wine of Life is a true and powerful medicine, and will permanently cure the worst case of Asthma, Liver trouble or palpitation that can be found. I cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted with such ailments.

Very truly,
REV. J. H. NEAT,
Atlanta, Ga.

Send for testimonials furnished free. Address
Wine of Life Co., P. O. Box 10, N. Y. St., Atlanta, Ga.

THE AMERICAN HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHING

The only one in the world which does its work perfectly. The chemicals do not become rancid by lapse of time. They will preserve for years as well as upon the day they are used. The contents of one machine equal to 200 gallons of water. It is light and compact, and any child can handle them easily.

No home on earth can afford to be without one. Impossible for your house to burn.

Every store, factory, warehouse, cotton depot, school house, public hall and buildings, every dwelling house in every village, town and city should be protected by them. They are endorsed and recommended by the chief of fire departments and the insurance men generally throughout the south. They are adopted and in use by the Atlanta fire department, the department of Lexington, Ky., and have been ordered by the principal fire departments of the chief cities of the south.

We refer, relative to the power and efficiency of these extinguishers, to the members of the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, and His Excellency Governor Gordon, who witnessed a practical test of same in Atlanta December 15, 1886.

All orders promptly filled by addressing the company. Live, active and energetic men desired in every county as agents. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to the right men.

Address for further information and book of testimonials and important information regarding the same: THE HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHING CO., 605 Whitehall street (Chamberlain, Johnson & Co. Building), Atlanta, Ga.

PETER LYNCH,
95 Whitehall & 7 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.

IN ADDITION TO HIS USUAL LARGE AND well assorted stock of Groceries, Cigars, Tobaccos and Snuff, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware, Boots, Leather Goods, Pistols, Cartridges, Ammunition, etc., etc., is now receiving and has on hand Eastern Seed, Irish Potatoes, such as Helron, White and Yellow Ontario, Green Grass and Millet Seed, Early Seed Corn of ten different kinds, English Peas, Beans and small Garden Seeds, Pure Port, Sherry, Angostura, Sassafras, Blackberry, Catnip and other brands of Domestic Wines. To all of which he invites his old and new friends, and customers to come and examine and price.

PETER LYNCH, Atlanta, Ga.

CLARA BELLE

HAS HER USUAL CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

A New Use for a Bonnet—Gala Working as Type-Writer—Fashionable Society Dilemma—The Great Charity Ball—The Woman Who Laughed—Other News and Gossip.

NEW YORK, January 22.—[Special.]—The head on the girl in question was not big enough to hold the brain which she proved to possess, for it was minutely small, and had delicately pretty face on its front, and a delightful mass of nut-brown hair on top of it. At the apex, too, when she entered the portal of the theater, was the nicest sort of a bonnet, composed of lace and flowers, and excellently suitable in shape and color to the creature who wore it. I went in right behind her, and was admiring her intensely. She reached the inner vestibule, after passing the ticket taker. Then she reached the quickly up the bonnet, and brought it down in front of me. I expected to see her stop at the window provided for the temporary storage of millinery, since the outbreak of the anti-hat movement at the theaters, but she did not, and she gracefully tripped along with the through into the auditorium. Was she going to hold the bonnet in her hands through the entertainment? No, no. She had looked upon the question of theatrical head gear by a strange device. On getting a view of her frontal side I saw that the bonnet had become a small corsage buttoned up at the breast. It was held in this position quite as handsomely as it had the other. Nobody would have guessed that the flowers were not real, or the thing had any other use.

Clara Belle, a girl of education and refinement who is credited to carry her own living now do it often as typewriters. The working of the curiously machines is light, somewhat intellectual and commands good wages for a thoroughly competent operator. It was a bright maiden who went down town of a morning to take such a position in an eminent old lawyer's office, and who returned at night smiling between her points of discomfiture.

Q. He received me kindly, she said, "remarked encouragingly that he didn't doubt I would get along right well, and added that, as I was something of an expert at the machine, while he had previously used short-hand, I would like to have him try it. Then I sat down at the typewriter, and he, as solemn and weighty as seven judges rolled into one, began to dictate a legal document. You know that there are small bells in the apparatus, which rings just five letters before the end of a line is reached, in order to warn the writer that she must conclude for the ending of a word or a syllable. Well, my worthy employer wasn't aware of that. But he did know of the chestnut bell and its use, it seemed. He started in to dictate, and I jiggered the machine. He began with the musty, familiar old legal phrase, and right at the end of the sentence came the sharp, quick ring of the bell. He gazed at me in fixed astonishment, but recovered himself and went on. Again the bell sounded. He arose in wrath and pondered me for some time.

"My dear young lady," he said, very impressively, "I fear you are too frivolous for this work. I will not trouble you further."

"Of course," I can explain the truth to him, but I don't care to. I am a typewriter, and I am not a girl, and I shall seek a place elsewhere."

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, the handsomest member of the Astor family, has signed his name to a new and startling social conventionality many times—not by anything reprehensible, but by doing things new and strange. Her summer equities are the wonder of Newport, her spring and autumn field sports are striking, and her winter style of dress is often original. She was to be Tom Howard's partner in leading the cotillion at the last Patriarchs' ball. Rumor ran wild as to the wardrobe which she had brought from Paris, and expectation was positively manifold over the question of what she would wear on this occasion. I must first be impressed upon the reader that the leader of a cotillion at one of these well-known balls is a lady of considerable wealth, and that her partner is correspondingly a heroine. It was natural to conceive, therefore, that young Mrs. Astor would be gowned and jeweled beyond precedent. But the quiver of anticipation gave way to the sober reality of the thing, and she appeared in a simple, elegant, and very becoming dress. The proper dominoes saw as they were numbered about many faces and figures that had not been noticed from the parquet seats. They seemed to spring up from the floor, in fact they were, and came in the way of the long after midnight. Some were already taking off masks. While there were among the revelers a few who would be called beautiful, and a few who would be called handsome, they were positively ugly by nature's endowment, and distressingly frightful by their own stupidity in dress. The tall, lank woman who wore a dress that came just below the knees, for instance, or the very young woman who insisted in exhibiting herself as a page, and waddled about the mark for ridicule at every hand; or the middle aged, coarse featured woman who looked most repulsive in a dress that simulated the society debutante. Most of the proper dominoes with drew soon after twelve, though there were those who stayed as late as three. The party I know about, though they had been enough to fill the hall, were now reduced to a few. Hubbard, who was being escorted with difficulty off the floor, fell in a drunken heap in the aisle at their feet, and had to be picked up bodily and carried the rest of the way to the retiring room.

CLARA BELLE.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS. Inflammation of the Throat, and difficulty of Breathing, frequently result from a severe Cold. The chest properties combined in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant, are especially designed to break up feverish and inflammatory tendencies, remove Congestion of the Throat, and by bringing about a free expectoration, promote healthy respiration, and a speedy cure. A reputation maintained for fifty years, affords to all a guarantee of the practical merit of the remedy.

Unconquered in Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., January 22.—[Special.]—A large excursion party of lumber men from the north and northwest reached the city at 7 o'clock last night. They were tendered a reception at the city hall, and were then escorted to the hotel. Colonel Thomas G. Jones on behalf of Alabama, and Mayor Reese for the city. The Yellow Pine Lumber association tendered the visitors a banquet at the Exchange hotel. The party left for Mobile today.

"My practice is among women; with worn out, rheumatic, old-fashioned, over-worked school teachers, milliners, dressmakers, and other classes of self-supporting women, and they all require a good tonic. I have prescribed galls and galls of tonic, but none of them are equal to yours. It is positively the best of any I have ever taken myself or ordered for my patients."—Opinion of Dr. R. B. Brown, 27 Columbus avenue, Boston, of the Little Co.'s Cocoa Balm Tonic.

The Northwestern Lumbermen.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., January 22.—[Special.]—Over four hundred men of the Union Lumbermen association passed through the city yesterday, en route to Montgomery. They were escorted by a large excursion from Boston will reach the city today.

"Rough on Dirt." A perfect washing powder found at last! A harmless, extra fine article, pure and clean, free from acids, fresh, bleaches and whitens without injury to the finest fabric. Unequalled for fine linens and laces, general household, kitchen and laundry use. Softens water, saves labor and soap, added to starch increases gloss. 5c, 10c, 25c, at Druggists and Grocers.

"Rough on Bile" Pills.

Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25 cents.

"Rough on Bile" Pills.

Quick, complete relief of all annoying Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Diseases. 31c. At Druggists.

last word with some port and exhilaration shouted over her shoulder at the grinning performer. That is the typical factory girl, but there is quite a large class of young women who work in factories and maintain their respectability and quietness of deportment. Many of them, by the exercise of judgment and good taste, dress well and look stylish without extravagance. When their work is done they do not loiter about in groups, but go quietly home or to the library, and on the streets they would be taken for the daughters of well-to-do parents.

Once a year temptation comes to the most sedate of our citizens, the city of the frivolous, wildly gaudy of proprietors. This occasion for 1887 has just passed. It is the annual ball of the "Cercle Francis de l'Harmonie." For more than a score of years the French colony has been indulging itself by display of Parisian extravagance in a way that has attracted universal attention. Not a woman in the city but has heard vaguely that the ball is a very brilliant affair, tinged, not discolored, with the most delicate shades of taste and discretion as one would like to know more about but not be connected in. Happily for these daughters of Eve, the ball is of the character that permits them to leave all their desires unattended, and to go without being detected. So it happens that for weeks preceding the event women all over town discuss the to-go or not-to-go with a pleasurable shiver of anticipation, and the great looking upon the real live neckties. Eventually a good many of them have liberal and indulgent husbands secure a black domino and a mask and present themselves at the door of the Academy of Music, where the great looking upon the real live neckties. Eventually a good many of them have liberal and indulgent husbands secure a black domino and a mask and present themselves at the door of the Academy of Music, where the great looking upon the real live neckties.

TO BETTER ILLUSTRATE the meaning of the term inebriate, the doctor continues, "I present to you in this paper the brief memoir of a typical inebriate, no fancy sketch, but one of real flesh and blood. For I want you to behold his name, not for convenience of designation, will call him 'the colonel,' a common title about Washington, which will answer our purpose as well as any. This is not a temperance lecture in disguise, introducing the colonel as an object lesson, after the manner of the Athenian teacher who exhibited a drunken man to his pupils. He is presented simply as a pathological specimen, and I do this with no feeling that in doing so any confidence is violated or that I am exposing anything which the colonel would have preferred to keep covered now that he is gone, for the man, while living, had no indication of virtue; delicacy of feeling was a weakness of which he was never suspected; public opinion he despised; the wages of sin were satisfactory to him so only he had the sin; he was content to pose as a 'wild example,' and I think he would have consented that his viscera should be photographed to illustrate Sewall's lectures on the costs of the stomach, merely relating that their membranes should be occasionally moistened with whisky. What study the anatomist might make of his bones when he had done with them, what lesson the moralist would draw from his finished life were matters of profound indifference to him, as he did not think he expected to pass this way again.

THE COLONEL'S FIRST COMMITMENT.

My first acquaintance with the colonel was in May, 1878, when he was brought to St. Elizabeth's on the certificate of two physicians to his insanity. In May, 1886, almost exactly eight years later I parted with him for the last time, to hear within three weeks of his death. Just out of forty years I knew him, and looking only on that magnificent physique with which nature had endowed him, he would pass for a young man. Scrutinizing more closely you saw that the aged senility had come, the eyes were blurred, the hair was white, and in every sense, and in every sense, that the virtue had gone out of him. There was left only an insane thirst for whisky and what his uncle in conversation with me once called "this facility in writing." The latter, although deteriorated with all the rest, still afforded him, as a newspaper hack-writer, a precarious income from his articles. These were society articles, and he wrote them with now and then a scintillation of the old wit which still "set the tables in a roar." All else was gone; property if he ever had it; positions of trust which he had held and lost by his vices, and "troops of friends" that he had once numbered.

THIS FOETTER PRINCE of dead-beats was as supremely selfish a man as I have ever known. The affection of two friends had been devoted to the devotion of the last, which was something very valuable, and no more to turn him to virtuous courses than signing the temperance pledge did to woe him from his cups; and the influence of both had less restraining power over him than the lightest whiff from his cigar. As the typical reformed inebriate, he was the making and undoing of I know not how many temperance organizations. Of the various antidotes for the chronic drunkard, the only one that I have seen within him was his one strong point, the only thing that waxed not old." After a description of various stages and conditions, physical and mental, following the colonel's debauches, the doctor says that the first reason he had in the hospital for the insane, during the eight years referred to two years and four months, or something less than one-third of the whole period. "There were," the doctor writes, "also voluntary visits, and short stays, but no record was kept. It is safe to say that during the eight years he was for an equal length of time 'sobering up' in one of the city hospitals, and the remainder of the time he was in the hospital for the insane, during the eight years referred to two years and four months, or something less than one-third of the whole period."

THE MONTANA EPISODE.

The doctor says: "I might go on for an hour illustrating the varying phases of his infirmity from correspondence and note books, but with my limited time a single episode—that of the Montana trip—must suffice.

In January, 1883, an army officer, moved by I know not what good impulse, secured a fairly remunerative position for the colonel in the quartermaster's department of the United States army, station to be in Montana. It is needless to say that our hero was overjoyed. Thereforward there were to be no more sleepless nights from 'occasional correspondents,' no more weary journeys from Saratoga to Portland, or from the Thousand Isles, but really within the purview of a lunatic hospital. And there were 'to be no more cakes and ale.' Here was an opportunity to redeem himself or perish in the attempt. I thought it would be the latter, for in the dead of winter and the destination, Montana, I felt morally certain that he would freeze to death on the road. He left the hospital on Thursday to make the necessary preliminary arrangements, and on Saturday night for his destination. I need hardly say that one of these preliminaries was to get so drunk on Friday that he was brought to the station house in the evening perfectly unconscious. He got out later, was found asleep on the floor of the telegraph office and again gathered in. A devoted friend writes: 'He hurried off on Saturday night but was equipped for his journey, promising to write from Chicago. I haven't heard a word, and I believe he is drunk, or dead, or both.' And I never expect to see him again, but if I do you will 'We felt that at least St. Elizabeth was doing him good. I thought it would be the latter, for in the dead of winter and the destination, Montana, I felt morally certain that he would freeze to death on the road. He left the hospital on Thursday to make the necessary preliminary arrangements, and on Saturday night for his destination. 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THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE FREE, AT \$1.00 PER MONTH, \$2.50 FOR THREE MONTHS, OR \$10 A YEAR. THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE ON ALL TRAINS LEADING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.
ADVERTISING RATES DEPEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. CORRESPONDENTS CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS, AND MAKE ALL DEBITS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO
THE CONSTITUTION,
Atlanta, Ga.
General Eastern Agent,
J. J. FLYNN,
25 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY 23, 1887.

COLD INDICATIONS for Atlanta, taken at 1 o'clock a. m.:
Rain; slightly colder. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee: southerly winds, shifting to cold northerly winds; rain.

REV. DR. McCLYNN is now nothing more than a mere Henry George politician.

GERMANY is suspicious of French movements on the frontier. Bismarck has probably taken one too many glasses of beer.

THE managers of the Blair educational bill are now polling the members of the house, to see if the measure can be called up.

THE fast mail is not yet forthcoming. When P. M. G. finishes the next cotton we would be glad to have him look this way.

THE New York Tribune has succeeded in making itself believe that the election of Hiseock was the proper thing. The Tribune's stomach, however, is tin-plated.

THE Galveston News joins THE CONSTITUTION in its crusade for a fast mail for the south. The P. M. G. will please lay aside his spike-tail long enough to make a few inquiries.

THE election of Hiseock as senator from New York puts "Me-Too-T-Platt" at the head of the Blaine column in that state. The democracy is to be congratulated at the turn affairs are taking in New York.

THE cause of General Jackson's resignation as minister to Mexico, which has been involved in mystery, will probably be brought to light by the resolution of Senator Brown, calling for the papers in the case.

IN the old times the Piedmont postal route from Washington to Milledgeville was the wonder of the postal system of the country. Horses were then used, but the New York mail was delivered in Georgia just about as quick as now.

CONGRESSMAN CRISP deserves much credit for the manner in which he conducted the interstate commerce bill through the house. He ranks among the foremost of the members of that body, and is an honor not only to his district but to the whole state.

THAT Atlanta possesses an exceedingly able bar was demonstrated in the trial of the Jones murder case. The arguments made by Messrs. Ellis and Hill for the prosecution and Messrs. Dorsey and Cox for the defense have, perhaps, never been surpassed in this state.

CONGRESS will be asked to admit the territories of Washington, Montana and Dakota into the union. The committee on territories will probably present the matter to the house during the coming week, and will make an earnest effort to secure a favorable consideration of the bill.

THE man who arranges the schedule for the Richmond and Danville railroad is most probably an antiquated mummy who knows about as much about railroading of the present day as the average astrologist knows about the spots on the sun. Or if he does know anything about it he is remarkably successful in his failure of application.

SENATOR HOAR declares that the re-election of Dawes "is the most glorious thing that has happened in five hundred years." The senator goes back to the time when he was quite young, but his remarkable memory makes centuries but months to him. When Massachusetts is through with this able tumbler of old dodgers they should be pickled and put in the Smithsonian Institute.

DALLAS SANDERS, the newly-chosen chairman of the Pennsylvania democratic committee, is an ardent supporter of Sam Randall, and the committee itself is made up of strong Randall men. A strong effort was made to capture the committee by the anti-Randall democrats led by Wallace, but when Uncle Samuel had very little trouble in maintaining his grip. Pennsylvania, it is said, will send Randall delegates to the next national democratic convention.

MR. JOSEPH R. MCCAIN, of Carroll county, in this state, has published an eighty-six page pamphlet advocating Mormonism. It is a queer production, but some of the points are strongly put. Mr. McCain says the only difference between the Mormons and the Gentiles is the fact that the Mormons allow their best men the most wives, while the Gentiles give this privilege to their worst men. It is not likely that the pamphlet will have much of a sale.

THE trial of R. L. Jones for the murder of Frank P. Gray, after occupying the entire time of the superior court for the past week, came to a close last night. The case has excited an extraordinary degree of public interest. The courtroom has been daily thronged with visitors. The case, which ever way it is decided, will rank as a cause celebre in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in Georgia. The verdict will be watched with intense interest.

ONE of the saddest features of the Spies-Van Zandt affair is the devotion displayed by Eugene Field. To the foolish girl, whose determination to marry the condemned anarchist cannot be shaken, Miss Van Zandt is said to be a woman of sudden and strange fancies. Several years ago, when she was one of the gay young society belles of Chicago, and the brilliant young editor of the News was a conspicuous feature in all the society events of the city, she met him at a grand ball at the Palmer house, and together they led the German with which the evening festivities were closed. She was soon desperately in love with him, and he was likewise.

wise smitten with her many attractions of heart and purse. All Chicago was soon delighted at the rumored announcement of an engagement, and society celebrated it with numerous toasts which found hearty response from the many friends of the two popular and happy hearts. But the dark day of Eugene's life was soon at hand, when the promised happiness of his life was clouded forever, and the sunlight of love was transformed into the darkness of despair. A note was handed him bearing the simple words: "I love you not as I thought; it was merely the fancy of a day. Another has my heart." Since that day the brilliant young editor has never smiled, but still shows his devotion by now defending the poor girl when all the world is against her.

The History of the Whisky Ring
The esteemed Courier-Journal is not particularly happy in the composition of its history of the whisky ring. It omits some facts, covers others up, and distorts those that it sees fit to use. But, in order that justice may not be done our contemporary we present herewith the vital points of its article, and we trust that our readers will give them careful attention.

During the administration of General Grant a gigantic "whisky ring" was formed. The purpose of the ring was to evade the payment of the tax on whisky. By bribery and corruption it was eminently successful. It flourished like a green bay tree. Its members bought corn, and they thought that they should be allowed to do as they pleased with their own property; so they extracted the juice made whisky and declined to pay the tax imposed by the government.

Soon they revelled in wealth, and extended their operations, trying to buy every one they needed. They overtook the mail, and when General Bristow was secretary of the treasury the members of the ring were arrested, and thrown into prison, and some were actually punished.

This seemed all right to the public. There was no more any sympathy with these outlaws. No more were made for the repeal of the law under which they were punished. It never occurred to any writer for the press that this was "oppression" or that it was such tyranny as even Russia would not endure. Somewhere every one seemed to take a very reasonable and a very sensible view of the matter, and the firmness of General Bristow in executing the law came very near making him president.

Since then the scene has shifted, and the moonshiner is the person who refuses to pay the tax. He hides in his mountain fastnesses and hunts not with rifles, but shotguns or rifles, the outlaw of the law. He is no longer a murderer, an outlaw, but he is an innocent, a law-abiding citizen, who is anxious to support the government if the government will support him. He has become a hero to certain persons whose sympathies are entirely on his judgment. He is coddled and cherished and protected and praised until he feels that he is as great a man as the Chicago anarchists, whom Chicago girls are so willing to marry.

Now is this all; there is a ring now, as there was twelve years ago. It is not composed of the moonshiners, but of the distillers, who every day walk up to the captain's office to settle. These distillers have entered into a gigantic conspiracy to pay the tax, and thus to undermine the tariff. They actually insist that, until the law is repealed, that they will pay 90 cents on every gallon of whisky manufactured, without any regard to the moonshiner and his friends. It is a dreadful organization, this whisky ring; instead of stealing, it pretends to pay \$100,000,000 annually to the government. But this is something that can not be endured. This ring of taxpayers must be put down. The order of the Georgia outlaws has decreed it. They have declared that if any distiller hereafter dares to pay the whisky tax, he shall be shot on the spot.

There can be no doubt that the whisky ring, which was in operation during Grant's administration, was a wealthy and powerful affair. It was so powerful indeed that its swindling operations involved persons high in office and prominent men in both political parties. The exposures that were made were by no means complete. The ring was wealthy enough to protect itself. It is true that unimportant persons like McDonald—if we remember the name correctly—were seized and made scapegoats of, but the real whisky ring and the more prominent of its tools were allowed to go scot-free. The real nature and extent of its swindling operations were never made public. The ring itself has retained its organization from that day to this, and has been able, by means of its power and wealth, to swindle the people by so-called legal methods.

The hue and cry over its swindling operations in St. Louis taught the ring a lesson, and since that time it has been going on in the same direction, but by the employment of far different methods. Its operations in St. Louis were for the purpose of evading the government tax, and all its operations since have had precisely the same end in view. The picture that Brother Watterson draws of these whisky ringsters "who every day walk up to the captain's office to settle," is peculiarly funny in view of the history of the whisky ring.

As the readers of THE CONSTITUTION know the whisky distillers' association—in other words, the whisky ring, which controls millions of money—has done nothing for the past ten years but concoct measures to evade the payment of the whisky tax. It is such a powerful affair that it has been able to place an expert lobby in Washington, and it has managed to control some of the most prominent democrats in the country. It is well known that Mr. Carlisle, the speaker of the democratic house, is in full sympathy with the ring, and Mr. Morrison, the democratic leader of the house, is one of its strongest partisans. These democrats and others have used all their influence to induce the house to allow the whisky ring to retain in its capacious pockets the taxes it owes to the people.

They would have succeeded but for the efforts of Mr. Randall, and this greedy ring would have been permitted to carry on the moonshining business with the sanction of the law. When the efforts of the democratic adherents of the whisky ring failed, the ring bought up one or two republican cabinet officers and, by means of favorable rulings and decisions, it succeeded in holding on to more than forty millions of dollars that belonged to the people.

Under Mr. Cleveland's administration, another desperate effort was made by the ring to hold on to the taxes that ought to have been paid into the treasury, but there was some hitch over the matter, and, as a last resort, the ring exported immense quantities of their product for the purpose of reimportation. And yet the organs of the whisky ring will tell you that the tax is paid by consumers alone, so that all that the members of the ring have to do is to pay the tax and collect it out of their customers. This is precisely what they do not choose to do. They choose rather to evade the payment of the tax and hold the money that ought to go into the people's treasury—and they are sustained by several newspapers and a good many impetuous democratic congressmen. The Courier-Journal says that the distillers have "entered into a gigantic conspiracy to pay the tax." And yet, nobody knows better than Brother Watterson that the distillers have been, and are now, engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to evade the payment of

the tax, and they have succeeded. They violate the laws with impunity, and they will continue to do so as long as they control the democratic party in the west.

We Beg to be Excused.
The Columbia, S. C., Register, commenting on a recent publication in the Athens Banner-Watchman, has this further remark: "But it is not only in this case that our Georgia contemporaries seem to be exercised about our affairs. They seem to lose no opportunity to circulate false and injurious statements about South Carolina. They seem never to have forgotten the 'Poor South Carolina' idea. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, for instance, seems to spare no pains to show that we are going to the demotion how-ows." Every colored departure from the state is exaggerated into a "Carolina exodus" of people fleeing from starvation and unjust laws. What do these Georgia journals mean by these unjust and injurious misrepresentations of our people?"

This has been copied into the Charleston News and Courier, whose beautiful editor wears socks worth \$1.75 a pair, and an attempt is made to show that THE CONSTITUTION makes it a business to attack the people of South Carolina. Our readers in that state, and we have many, will understand, of course, that such a charge is false. THE CONSTITUTION prints the news from South Carolina, just as it prints the news from Georgia, from Alabama, and from other states in the republic. The news which THE CONSTITUTION prints from South Carolina is furnished by citizens of South Carolina, and if it is in any way untrustworthy, we have thus far had no complaints from those most directly concerned.

So far from THE CONSTITUTION trying to show that South Carolina is going to "the demotion how-ows," as the Columbia Register puts it, we believe, and we have tried to impress that belief on the public at large, that South Carolina, together with the whole south, is making rapid progress in every direction—in farming, in manufacturing and in every variety of material prosperity. It is only free-trade papers like the Charleston News and Courier that are interested in claiming that the south is retrograding—that the people are growing poorer. THE CONSTITUTION is not on that line.

The Story of Aniston.
Our special correspondence from Aniston today presents a careful survey of the situation in that prosperous young city. The history of the place reads like a charming romance, and the work of the people will be a monument to their foresight, good government and sagacity. A city out of debt, with millions of capital to develop the magnificent natural resources, and every possible obstacle cleared away for a clean start, is the right sort of place to do the south's lasting credit, and Aniston is to be praised in every sense. By the new deal made with the former owners, several million dollars is now brought in by capitalists, all of which will be put at once into new industrial enterprises. That Aniston will grow into future great prominence, appears now to be nothing more than a matter of fact. The entire country has its attention called to Aniston, and one of the leaders in the new syndicate tells us that the population will be nearly 20,000 within two years. The Nobles and Tyers have certainly crowned their long labors most fittingly, and our whole people will ever delight to honor them for their work and the material aid given the New South for its strides for supremacy.

The National Poultry Show.
The National Poultry show which closed here last night was a conspicuous success. The birds on exhibition scored higher under the same judges than the birds exhibited at the St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis shows. The attendance was larger, taking the exhibitors' statements, than either one of those shows. On two days over fifteen hundred tickets were sold, and over five thousand tickets for the five days. The result on southern poultry breeding will be marked. Two-thirds of the finest chickens on exhibition were sold to southern breeders, many of them bringing as high as a hundred dollars for a breeding pen of six fowls. It is likely that a hundred fancy poultry yards will be established in Fulton county within the next six months, and the effect of this show will be felt throughout the south in turning attention to poultry-breeding and in improving the common stock. At a meeting of the members yesterday it was unanimously voted to make the show an annual one, and Atlanta was selected as a permanent place for the exposition. With the reputation and character made by the first show the next one will be unsurpassed by any of the great shows of the country, and will be a revelation to the people of this section.

Europe's Military Strength.
In view of the warlike outlook in Europe some figures relative to the strength of the continental powers will be of interest. The total number of troops now mobilizable reaches the appalling figure of over 14,000,000. The available total of Germany is between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000, including all reserves. France closely follows Germany. Italy has a total of 2,400,000. Austria-Hungary has 1,077,000. Turkey can bring out about 800,000. Russia can probably bring out 6,000,000 men.

Germany is pushing forward the manufacture of the repeating rifle, while Russia has invented a powder said to have ten times the force of ordinary gun powder. Under the tread of such immense armies the earth will literally tremble, and the results of such a wholesale shock of arms must be more disastrous to civilization than anything that has occurred in modern history. There is a possibility that a general war will be averted, but it grows fainter every day.

Where to Look for News.
Many of the telegrams published in the daily papers do not repay a man for his time spent in reading them. A good idea is to note the date line of a telegram before reading it. If, for instance, it is from some point in West Virginia, the reader may go ahead perfectly assured that he is going to strike it rich. Only the other day West Virginia came to the front with a volcano, and now we learn from the same quarter that five sisters danced all day and all night, and wound up their festivities by turning into raving maniacs.

Now, it is out of the question to ignore a region which furnishes us with such a store of entertainment and live information. There is not a locality in the union that can compete with West Virginia as an eventful news center.

Some Figures to Read.
ATLANTA, Ga.—Editors Constitution: I was in a discussion with a friend about the circulation of THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION. He said that the figures you printed about Christmas were mislaid.

ing. He admitted that they were correct, but said they were the figures for the last week in the year and consequently very much larger than any other weeks. Would you mind giving the figures for the present week, and also the circulation for this week? Yours very truly,
L. G.

We are glad to oblige our friend. The last weeks in December do not give THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION its largest receipts. March is the biggest month in the year. Our daily receipts of yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION are as follows:
Monday.....\$12
Tuesday.....437
Wednesday.....324
Thursday.....625
Friday.....651
Saturday.....1,004
Total for the week.....\$3,737

This we believe is about what the last weeks in December were. The actual circulation of THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION for the present week was 95,000 copies. This was larger than necessary for our actual subscribers, the remainder for sample copies being manually sent. It is likely that we will have to print for next week one hundred thousand copies. These figures are taken from our cash book, to which we invite inspection. No one need feel backward about asking to see our books. We are glad to show them, and it pays us every time an advertiser will consent to look at them.

About a Beautiful Man.
The following inquiry was received at this office on yesterday and receives the prompt attention its character deserves:
CARTERSVILLE, Ga., January 21.—Editors Constitution: Is Mr. Dawson, of the Charleston News and Courier, really as handsome a man as THE CONSTITUTION pretends, or is the whole thing a joke? Please let me have a serious answer, and oblige.
E. L. B.

We assure our correspondent that we could not be otherwise than serious on so important a subject. Mr. F. W. Dawson is really one of the most beautiful persons in existence—male or female. The fact that he has maligned the pulchritude of one of the editors of this paper need not weigh one jot or tittle in our estimate of his personal equipment. Regarding that we shall not use the word volupitous, for that carries a flavor of weakness. We prefer to say that Mr. Dawson is sumptuous. His enemies have charged that he is knock-kneed. We admit there is something more of bunchedness about the inside of his lower thighs than the strict line of grace permits, but like the lip of a pretty woman, it is a defect that provokes praise rather than censure. If Mr. Dawson had been able to project even a fraction of his personal loveliness into his late free-trade speech in New York, he might now have been also "a last floating on a current already created." But he does not need oratorical fame. Atlanta will never inquire with fastidious levity, "Who is Dawson, anyhow?" She knows him and is proud of him, as THE Star-Eyed Beauty of the Coastal Plain.

BUFFALO BILL'S wild west show in New York is said to be the curious one in that town. If this should prove to be true, what is to hinder Buffalo Bill, from becoming a prominent candidate for president?

Why should Editor McClure, in his speech before the New York printers, feel called on to make fun of Mr. Childs? To go further, why should he misrepresent facts and state that Mr. Childs is named George Washington Childs? There are some things about Philadelphia editors that we do not fully understand.

CARTER HARRISON, mayor of Chicago, says that Miss Van Zandt has a perfect right to make a fool of herself. It will be remembered that Carter has pushed his own rights in this matter to the extreme limit.

The Courier-Journal is quoting from the Savannah News to show that the south is not prospering under the tariff. The News is a genuine free trader, and does not even believe in protection to the rice-planters. Or does it? Really, we have forgotten. Will the News enlighten us about this?

EUGENE FIELD, of the Chicago News, is now writing some beautiful poems to which he signs the name of Frank T. Campbell. In the latest, he remarks: "For soon must come that night of nights, and I will slip unnoticed out with the dark." This is a very good scheme, and apologetic one. When Mr. Field returns from these little slips, he smells of the clove and cinnamon bag.

The Boston Herald tells of an "unfeeling response" made by Congressman Tom Reed, of Maine. The reason the response was unfeeling is because Congressman Reed uses his prolocus as a telephone.

PROMINENT MEN.
Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, is a one-legged veteran.
Secretary Lamar is the best swordsman in Washington.
Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, has four Harvard graduates on his staff.

Frank Hurt made \$25,000 as a fee in a case for Mackey, the millionaire, recently.

Mr. Blaine has finished the work of revising his public speeches and letters and will issue them in book form during this or the coming month.

Senator Stanford, of California, appears to be the George W. Childs of Washington. Dealers in that city say that he spent fully \$100,000 on presents for the poor.

Lord Randolph Churchill declares that at sixty years of age he expects to lead Europe.

Andrew Carnegie is on his feet again, and his health may be better for many years than it has ever been.

After March General Hawley will be about the last of the men who fought on the union side during the civil war who will have a seat in the senate.

Ex-Governor Hoedly, looking happy and well, tells a New York reporter that private life is better than any public office.

Governor Ireland, of Texas, declares in a published letter that the needs of starving people that have not been met will be met by the senator.

Senator Edmunds has a delicate appreciation of good brandy.

Bob Ingersoll has been studying New England legends of the Puritan days to get material for a new lecture.

General Sherman says that, from a military point of view, the siege and capture of Vicksburg were probably of more importance than the battle of Gettysburg. This is contrary to general opinion of the subject.

Paul Tilton, son of Theodore Tilton, is making a reputation as an artist in Rome.

M. Pasteur is to retire from active practice soon to avoid paralysis, with which he is threatened.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS.
New York World: The passage of the interstate commerce bill by the senate, and the killing of the Pacific Railway fund, show that the corporations are not yet "bigger men than Uncle Sam"—when the latter has the assistance of an unbacked press.

Washington Post: How long is congress to be a nursery for declamation? How long is a member to be permitted to read speeches which he or somebody else has written, and have them printed at the public expense? Neither French, German nor English legislatures are allowed to deliver speeches from manuscript. Why should this intelligent and sensible country foster that sort of helplessness? Suppose we try real free speech for awhile?

Indianapolis Journal: Mr. Dawson, of the Charleston News, is a free-trader, wears stockings worth \$1.75 a pair, and has great personal beauty. To bear of a free-trader is enough of itself to call up the picture of a real pretty man in silk stock-ings.

Philadelphia Telegraph (rep.): A senator of this great country should be deliberately chosen as a king; he should be wise, learned, patriotic, honorable. He should be a statesman, not a politician; he should be a man of affairs, not a mere successful bagman.

Kansas City Journal: The Inter Ocean has published a remarkable picture of Thomas J. Chivers, who was hung the other day in Virginia for murder. It must have been taken shortly after the hanging.

JUST FOR FUN.
"The prisoner has a very smooth face," said Little Justice Duffy the other day. "Yes, your honor," replied the facetious policeman, "he was ironed just before I brought him in."—Life.

Publisher: That book will cost you one dollar, Mr. Customer: Is that your inside figure? I'm a newspaper man.

Publisher: Oh, in that case we won't charge you anything for it. Just give it a half-column notice in your paper, and take it along. We wouldn't think of charging members of the press anything for books.—Life.

A little tot was told that when spelling words like good, seed, he was not to say o-o, or e-e, but double of double e, and so on. One day in his spelling lesson occurred the sentence: "Tip up Ned, for the sun is up," when the little fellow electrified his mamma by reading: "Double up, Ned, for the sun is up!"

"They had just been to see Booth in 'Hamlet,'" "How did you like the performance?" asked Symperson.

"Oh, delighted, with three exceptions. The king wasn't any good, and neither was the queen, and there was one other character that was very badly played."

"Ah, perhaps the jack," suggested Symperson.—Tidbits.

Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought him home from the club in a highly lubricated condition)—Boye, come in wize an' get'er (hic) drink. Think my house. I'm boss (hic) here.

Mr. Stiggins (from the window)—Please leave the boss on the steps, gentlemen, and I'll come down and fetch him in.—Texas Sittings.

Indignant Citizen—There was a burglar here last night, and he might have murdered us all if it hadn't been for the dog.

Policeman—The dog is that I'm looking for, sir.

"The dog?" "What do you want of him?" "He ain't registered, and it's his duty to shoot 'im, sir."—Omaha World.

"Can you tell me, my dear?" "Then he snuggled up near To expedite verbalization."

Where my arm is now placed Is like a post-rider's station?"

"Ain't you awful?" she said, "Tho' she ne'er set her head To fathom his wit's shallow soundings, But he to her side Drawing near, replied: 'It's because of its army's surroundings.'"

—Yonkers Gazette.

"And you say you were not discharged from the last place?" said Mrs. Crimblehead, questioning a candidate for the office of cook.

"No, ma'am, I left my own place. 'How long were you in your last place?' 'Five years, ma'am.' 'And why did you leave?' 'I was getting too fat, ma'am.'"

"Well?" "Oh, sure, I couldn't wear the missus' dresses any more, and I had to stay at home from the balls. I thought, ma'am, it was time to make a change.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Papa," inquired a young woman, "at the concert last night I heard somebody refer to the tenor ensemble. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?"

Papa (not quite sure of himself)—I think it must be French for trombone.—Life.

"News" echoed a clerk in a freight office to the new railroad reporter's query. "No, but, my dear sir, we are entering upon your new duties, let me give you some good, fatherly advice. Never put in your paper the statement that 'the pay car is expected here in a few days,' but always say, 'about two weeks after it has been here before making a note of it. Why? Well, if you were to see the way our creditors pile on after finding in the paper that our ship's about coming in, you'd know, yes, my dear reporter, down this favor, and we'll remember you next Christmas with an elegant gold-headed cane.'—Buffalo Express.

Secretary of War—Uncle Sam, it looks pretty squally over in Europe.

Uncle Sam—All right; the mowing machine factories are in full blast.

"But we might get drawn into it, and we are absolutely without defenses. Suppose a foreign army should attack Washington?"

"How much money is there in the treasury?" "Well, to begin with, there are \$157,000,000 silver dollars."

"Just the thing. Use them as bricksbats."—Omaha World.

Mama (who nearly begged herself to give the biggest doll to be found in the market)—Why don't you play with your nice doll, Dot?

Little Dot—It's too big.

"Why, pet, I picked it out," because it was so nice and big.

"You didn't? Well, I don't see why people can't think."

"Can't think?" "Yes, how would you like a baby what's born grooved up."—Omaha World.

A Boston lady prominently identified with Sunday school work, and who is much interested in bringing our Chinese residents within the pale of Christian influence, called the other day upon one of her celestial proteges. John welcomed her visit to his laundry with evident pleasure, and when the greetings were over the Mongolian, in response to her inquiry, gave her to understand that he enjoyed very much attending a Sunday school, information that was exceedingly gratifying. Anxious, however, to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the school upon him, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, yi," came the convincing response, "whichever lot is whole congregation."—Boston Budget.

ECHOES FROM THE PEOPLE.
Napoleon's Russian Campaign.
D. C. U., Dadeville, Ala.: How many men did Napoleon have with him in his Russian campaign?

According to Jomini, Napoleon's force consisted of 400,000 men, which included Polish, Bavarian, Saxon and Westphalian allies, and reserves, and also the Austrian contingent of 32,000. This, however, represents the entire army organization rather than those who actually engaged in the campaign. About 400,000 crossed Prussia, but not more than 200,000 of that number advanced on the Dvina. From Poland, especially from the Niemen to Moscow, the grand phalanxes of Napoleon melted away under campaign, disease, exposure and privation with fearful rapidity. On the 23d of July the Russians made prisoners of an entire Saxon brigade at Kobrin. Of 150,000 French soldiers engaged at Smolensko, 15,000 were left dead on the field. Losses of a few thousand in the struggles for position and in skirmishes were taken on the night of At Borodino, out of 125,000 or 130,000 French who entered the contest, 30,000 fell the dust. The loss of both armies in that battle amounted to between 80,000 and 90,000. Jomini says of it: "I have fought many battles in my life, but I have never seen one as terrible as this." The wounded on both sides were taken to Moscow, where nearly all died in the hospitals; or perished in the flames. Napoleon entered Moscow with 100,000 men, worn out with constant fighting and marching. After the conflagration he left the ruined city with about 80,000 combatants and 150,000 convalescents, leaving Mortier to blow up the Kremlin, cover up his communications and follow after him. Then commenced a scene of horror. Wounds, diseases, cold and starvation still played havoc with the little remnant of the "grand army," until, before the Russian frontiers were well behind, it was reduced to a mere handful of wretched stragglers. The loss of the French and their auxiliaries, in the campaign, is stated by one writer at 125,000 slain, 132,000 dead from fatigue, hunger, disease and cold, and 195,000 made prisoners. In the retreat from Moscow alone 80,000 perished.

Married Men Generally Do.
From the Philadelphia Record.

Secretary Lamar was seized upon the other day by the Emory college boys at Oxford, Miss. They told him that since he had taken Mrs. Emory from Oxford, he must pay a forfeit. What they demanded was that he should give the oration at the next commencement there. The bridegroom had to bow to the inevitable.

Not For the Friend.
From the Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

A little bit late—To open a letter, read it aloud to a friend and then find it marked "confidential."

CONSTITUTIONALS.

Pencil Paragraphs and Editorial Shortcuts Caught on the Fly.

"Did you ever hear of Bill Anderson, of Missouri?"

This was the question of an ex-confederate general, with whom I was not long ago

THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE FREE, AT \$100 PER MONTH, \$2.50 FOR THREE MONTHS, OR \$10.00 A YEAR. THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE ON ALL TRAINS LEAVING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.
ADVERTISING RATES DEFEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, AND MAKE ALL DRAFTS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO.

THE CONSTITUTION, Atlanta, Ga.
General Eastern Agent, J. J. ELYNN,
25 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY, 23, 1887.

INDICATIONS FOR ATLANTA,
taken at 10 o'clock a. m.
Rain; slightly colder. Georgia,
Florida, Alabama, Mississippi
and Tennessee: southerly winds, shifting to cold-
er northerly winds; rain.

REV. DR. MCGLYNN is now nothing more than a mere Henry George politician.

GERMANY is suspicious of French movements on the frontier. Bismarck has probably taken one too many glasses of beer.

THE managers of the Blair educational bill are now polling the members of the house, to see if the measure can be called up.

The fast mail is not yet forthcoming. When P. M. G. finishes the next cotton we would be glad to have him look this way.

THE New York Tribune has succeeded in making itself believe that the election of Hancock was the proper thing. The Tribune's stomach, however, is unimpaired.

THE Galveston News joins THE CONSTITUTION in its crusade for a fast mail for the south. The P. M. G. will please lay aside his spike-tail long enough to make a few inquiries.

The election of Hancock as senator from New York puts "Me-Two-T-Platt" at the head of the Blaine column in that state. The democracy is to be congratulated at the turn affairs are taking in New York.

The cause of General Jackson's resignation as minister to Mexico, which has been involved in mystery, will probably be brought to light by the resolution of Senator Brown, calling for the papers in the case.

In the old times the Piedmont postal route from Washington to Milledgeville was the wonder of the postal system of the country. Horses were then used, but the New York mail was delivered in Georgia just about as quick as now.

CONGRESSMAN CRISP deserves much credit for the manner in which he conducted the interstate commerce bill through the house. He ranks among the foremost of the members of that body, and is an honor not only to his district but to the whole state.

That Atlanta possesses an exceedingly able bar was demonstrated in the trial of the Jones murder case. The arguments made by Messrs. Ellis and Hill for the prosecution and Messrs. Dorsey and Cox for the defense have, perhaps, never been surpassed in this state.

CONGRESS will be asked to admit the territories of Washington, Montana and Dakota into the union. The committee on territories will probably present the matter to the house during the coming week, and will make an earnest effort to secure a favorable consideration of the bill.

THE man who arranges the schedule for the Richmond and Danville railroad is most probably an antiquated mummy who knows about as much about railroading of the present day as the average astrologist knows about the spots on the sun. Or if he does know anything about it he is remarkably successful in his failure of application.

SENATOR HOAR declares that the re-election of Dawes "is the most glorious thing that has happened in five hundred years." The senator goes back to the time when he was quite young, but his remarkable memory makes centuries but months to him. When Massachusetts is through with this able twin of old Rufus they should be picked and put in the Smithsonian Institute.

DALLAS SANDERS, the newly-chosen chairman of the Pennsylvania democratic committee, is an ardent supporter of Sam Randall, and the committee itself is made up of strong Randall men. A strong effort was made to capture the committee by the anti-Randall democrats led by Wallace, but your Uncle Samuel had very little trouble in maintaining his grip. Pennsylvania, it is said, will send Randall delegates to the next national democratic convention.

MR. JOSEPH R. McCAIN, of Carroll county, in this state, has published an eighty-six page pamphlet advocating Mormonism. It is a queer production, but some of the points are strongly put. Mr. McCain says the only difference between the Mormons and the Gentiles is the fact that the Mormons allow their best men the most wives, while the Gentiles give this privilege to their worst men. It is not likely that the pamphlet will have much of a sale.

THE trial of R. L. Jones for the murder of Frank P. Gray, after occupying the entire time of the superior court for the past week, came to a close last night. The case has excited an extraordinary degree of public interest. The courtroom has been daily thronged with visitors. The case, whichever way it is decided, will rank as a cause celebre in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in Georgia. The verdict will be watched with intense interest.

ONE of the saddest features of the Spies-Van Zandt affair is the devotion displayed by Eugene Field, the foolish girl, whose determination to marry the condemned anarchist cannot be shaken. Miss Van Zandt is said to be a woman of sudden and strange fancies. Several years ago, when she was one of the gay young society belles of Chicago, and the brilliant young editor of the News was a conspicuous figure in all the society events of the city, she met him at a grand ball at the Palmer house, and together they led the German with which the evening festivities were closed. She was soon desperately in love with him, and he was like-

wise snit with her many attractions of heart and purse. All Chicago was soon delighted at the rumored announcement of an engagement, and society celebrated it with numerous toasts which found hearty response from the many friends of the two popular and happy hearts. But the dark day of Eugene's life was soon at hand, when the promised happiness of his life was clouded forever, and the sunlight of love was transformed into the darkness of despair. A note was handed him bearing the simple words: "I love you not as I thought; it was merely the fancy of a day. Another has my heart." Since that day the brilliant young editor has never smiled, but still shows his devotion by now defending the poor girl when all the world is against her.

The History of the Whisky Ring

The esteemed Courier-Journal is not particularly happy in the composition of its history of the whisky ring. It omits some facts, covers others up, and distorts those that it does not omit. But, in order that justice may not be done our contemporary we present herewith the vital points of its article, and we trust that our readers will give them careful attention.

During the administration of General Grant a "whisky ring" was formed. The purpose of the ring was to evade the payment of the tax on whisky. By bribery and corruption it was eminently successful. It flourished like a green bay tree, and its members were so numerous that they should be allowed to do as they pleased with their own property; so they extracted the juice, made whisky and declined to pay the tax imposed by the government.

Soon they revealed in wealth, and extended their operations, trying to buy every one they needed. They overtook the mark, and when General Bristow was secretary of the treasury the members of the ring were arrested, and thrown into prison, and some were actually punished.

This seemed all right to the public. There was now here any sympathy with these outlaws. No pleas were ever made for the repeal of the law under which they were punished. It never occurred to any writer for the press that this was "oppression" or that it was such tyranny as even Russia would not endure. Somehow every one seemed to take a very reasonable and a very sensible view of the matter, and the firmness of General Bristow in executing the law came very near making him president.

Since then the scene has shifted, and the moon-shine is the property who pay the tax. He hides in his mountain fastnesses and hunts, not with rifles, but shotguns or rifles, the officers of the law. He is no longer a marauder, an outlaw, but he is an innocent, a law-abiding citizen, who is anxious to support the government if the government will support him. He has become a hero to certain persons whose sympathies outrun their judgment. He is coddled and cherished and protected and praised until he feels that he is as great a man as the Chicago anarchists, whom Chicago girls are so willing to marry.

Not is this all; it is a ring now, as there was twelve years ago. It is not composed of the moon-shine but of the whisky ring, who every day walk up to the captain's office to settle. These distillers have entered into a gigantic conspiracy to pay the tax, and thus to undermine the tariff. They actually insist that the law is repealed, that they will pay 90 cents on every gallon of whisky manufactured, without any regard to the moon-shiner and his friends. It is a dreadful organization, this whisky ring; instead of stealing, it pretends to pay \$100,000 annually to the government. But this is something that can not be endured. This ring of taxpayers must be put down. The organs of the Georgia outlaws have decreed it. They have declared that if any distiller hereafter dares to pay the whisky tax, he shall be shot on the spot.

There can be no doubt that the whisky ring, which was in operation during Grant's administration, was a wealthy and powerful affair. It was so powerful indeed that its swindling operations involved persons high in office and prominent men in both political parties. The exposures that were made were by no means complete. The ring was wealthy enough to protect itself. It is true that unimportant persons like McDonald—if we remember the name correctly—were seized and made scapegoats of, but the real whisky ring and the more prominent of its tools were allowed to go scot-free. The real nature and extent of its swindling operations were never made public. The ring itself has retained its organization from that day to this, and has been able, by means of its power and wealth, to swindle the people by so-called legal methods.

The hue and cry over its swindling operations in St. Louis taught the ring a lesson, and since that time it has been going on in the same direction, but by the employment of far different methods. Its operations in St. Louis were for the purpose of evading the government tax, and all its operations since have had precisely the same end in view. The picture that Brother Watterson draws of these whisky ringsters "who every day walk up to the captain's office to settle," is peculiarly funny in view of the history of the whisky ring.

As the readers of THE CONSTITUTION know the whisky ring's association—in other words, the whisky ring, which controls millions of money—has done nothing for the past ten years but concoct measures to evade the payment of the whisky tax. It is such a powerful affair that it has been able to place an expert lobby in Washington, and it has managed to control some of the most prominent democrats in the country. It is well known that Mr. Carlisle, the speaker of the democratic house, is in full sympathy with the ring, and Mr. Morrison, the democratic leader of the house, is one of its strongest partisans. These democrats and others have used all their influence to induce the house to allow the whisky ring to retain in its capacious pockets the taxes it owes to the people.

They would have succeeded but for the efforts of Mr. Randall, and this greedy ring would have been permitted to carry on the moonshining business with the sanction of the law. When the efforts of the democratic adherents of the whisky ring failed, the ring bought up one or two republican cabinet officers and, by means of favorable rulings and decisions, it succeeded in holding on to more than forty millions of dollars that belonged to the people.

Under Mr. Cleveland's administration, another desperate effort was made by the ring to hold on to the taxes that ought to have been paid into the treasury, but there was some hitch over the matter, and, as a last resort, the ring exported immense quantities of their product for the purpose of reimportation. And yet the organs of the whisky ring will tell you that the tax is paid by consumers alone, so that all that the members of the ring have to do is to pay the tax and collect it out of their customers. This is precisely what they do not choose to do. They choose rather to evade the payment of the tax and hold the money that ought to go into the people's treasury—and they are sustained by several newspapers and a good many impetuous democratic congressmen.

The Courier-Journal says that the distillers have "entered into a gigantic conspiracy to pay the tax." And yet, nobody knows better than Brother Watterson that the distillers have been, and are now, engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to evade the payment of

the tax, and they have succeeded. They violate the laws with impunity, and they will continue to do so as long as they control the democratic party in the west.

We Beg to be Excused.

The Columbia, S. C., Register, commenting on a recent publication in the Athens Banner-Watchman, has this further remark: "But it is not only in this case that our Georgia contemporaries seem to be exercised about our affairs. They seem to lose no opportunity to circulate false and injurious statements about South Carolina. They seem never to have forgotten the 'Poor South Carolina' idea. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, for instance, seems to spare no pains to show that we are going to the 'demonstration how-ows.' Every colored departure from the state is exaggerated into a 'Carolina exodus' of people fleeing from starvation and unjust laws. What do these Georgia journals mean by these unjust and injurious misrepresentations of our people?"

This has been copied into the Charleston News and Courier, whose beautiful editor wears socks worth \$1.75 a pair, and an attempt is made to show that THE CONSTITUTION makes it a business to attack the people of South Carolina. Our readers in that state, and we have many, will understand, of course, that such a charge is false. THE CONSTITUTION prints the news from South Carolina, just as it prints the news from Georgia, from Alabama, and from other states in the republic. The news which THE CONSTITUTION prints from South Carolina is furnished by citizens of South Carolina, and if it is in any way untrue, we have thus far had no complaints from those most directly concerned.

So far from THE CONSTITUTION trying to show that South Carolina is going to "the demonstration how-ows," as the Columbia Register puts it, we believe, and we have tried to impress that belief on the public at large, that South Carolina, together with the whole south, is making rapid progress in every direction—in farming, in manufacturing and in every variety of material prosperity. It is only free-trade papers like the Charleston News and Courier that are interested in claiming that the south is retrograding—that the people are growing poorer. THE CONSTITUTION is not on that line.

The Story of Anniston.

Our special correspondence from Anniston today presents a careful survey of the situation in that prosperous young city. The history of the place reads like a charming romance, and the work of the people will be a monument to their foresight, good government and sagacity. A city out of debt, with millions of capital to develop the magnificent natural resources, and every possible obstacle cleared away for a clean start, is the right sort of place to do the south's lasting credit, and Anniston is to be praised in every sense. By the new deal made with the former owners, several million dollars in new brought in by capitalists, all of which will be put at once into new industrial enterprises. That Anniston will grow into future great prominence, appears now to be nothing more than a matter of fact. The entire country has its attention called to Anniston, and one of the leaders in the new syndicate tells us that the population will be nearly 20,000 within two years. The Nobles and Tylers have certainly crowned their long labors most fittingly, and our whole people will ever delight to honor them for their work and the material aid given the New South for its strides for supremacy.

The National Poultry Show.

The National Poultry show which closed here on last night was a conspicuous success. The birds on exhibition scored higher under the same judges than the birds exhibited at the St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis shows. The attendance was larger, taking the exhibitors' statements, than either one of those shows. On two days over fifteen hundred tickets were sold, and over five thousand tickets for the five days. The result on southern poultry breeding will be marked. Two-thirds of the finest chickens on exhibition were sold to southern breeders, many of them bringing as high as a hundred dollars for a breeding pen of six fowls. It is likely that a hundred fowls poultry yards will be established in Fulton county within the next six months, and the effect of this show will be felt throughout the south in turning attention to poultry-breeding and in improving the common stock. At a meeting of the members yesterday it was unanimously voted to make the show an annual one, and Atlanta was selected as a permanent place for the exposition. With the reputation and character made by the first show the next one will be unsurpassed by any of the great shows of the country, and will be a revelation to the people of this section.

Europe's Military Strength.

In view of the warlike outlook in Europe some figures relative to the strength of the continental powers will be of interest. The total number of troops now mobilized reaches the appalling figure of over 14,000,000. The available total of Germany is between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000, including all reserves. France closely follows Germany. Italy has a total of 2,400,000. Austria-Hungary has 1,077,000. Turkey can bring out about 800,000. Russia can probably bring out 6,000,000 men.

Germany is pushing forward the manufacture of the repeating rifle, while Russia has invented a powder said to have ten times the force of ordinary gun powder.

Under the tread of such immense armies the earth will literally tremble, and the results of such a wholesale clash of arms must be more disastrous to civilization than anything that has occurred in modern history. There is a possibility that a general war will be averted, but it grows fainter every day.

Where to Look for News.

Many of the telegrams published in the daily papers do not repay a man for his time spent in reading them.

A good idea is to note the date line of a telegram before reading it. If, for instance, it is from some point in West Virginia, the reader may go ahead perfectly assured that he is going to strike it rich. Only the other day West Virginia came to the front with a volcano, and now we learn from the same quarter that five sisters danced all day and all night, and wound up their festivities by turning into raving maniacs.

Now, it is out of the question to ignore a region which furnishes us with such a stream of entertainment and live information. There is not a locality in the union that can compete with West Virginia as an effervescent news center.

Some Figures to Read.

ATLANTA, Ga.—Editors Constitution: We are in a discussion with a friend about the circulation of THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION. He said that the figures you printed about Christmas were mislead-

ing. He admitted that they were correct, but said that they were the figures for the last weeks in the year and consequently were much larger than any other weeks. Would you mind giving the figures for the present week, and also the circulation for this week? Yours very truly,

We are glad to oblige our friend.

The last weeks in December do not give THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION its largest receipts. March is the biggest month in the year. Our daily receipts of yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION are as follows:

Monday	412
Tuesday	427
Wednesday	534
Thursday	629
Friday	631
Saturday	1,001

Total for the week \$3,777

This we believe is about what the last weeks in December were. The actual circulation of THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION for the present week was 95,000 copies. This was larger than the demand for sample copies being unusually large. It is likely that we will have to print for next week one hundred thousand copies. These figures are taken from our cash book, to which we invite inspection. No one need feel backward about asking to see our books. We are glad to show them, and it pays us every time an advertiser will consent to look at them.

About a Beautiful Man.

The following inquiry was received at this office on yesterday and receives the prompt attention its character deserves:

CARTERSVILLE, Ga., January 21.—Editors Constitution: Is Mr. Dawson, of the Charleston News and Courier, really as handsome a man as THE CONSTITUTION pretends, or is the whole thing a joke? Please let me have a serious answer, and oblige.

E. L. B.

We assure our correspondent that we could not be otherwise than serious on so important a subject. Mr. F. W. Dawson is really one of the most beautiful persons in existence—male or female. The fact that he has maligned the pulchritude of one of the editors of this paper shall not weigh one jot or tittle in our estimate of his personal equipment. Regarding that we shall not use the word volupitous, for that carries a flavor of weakness. We prefer to say that Mr. Dawson is sumptuous. His enemies have charged that he is knock-kneed. We admit there is something more of bunchiness about the inside of his lower thighs than the strict line of grace permits, but like the lip of a pretty woman, it is a defect that people praise rather than censure. If Mr. Dawson had been able to project even a fraction of his personal loveliness into his late free trade speech in New York he might now have been also "a leaf floating on a current already created." But he does not need editorial fame. Atlanta will never inquire with fastidious levity, "Who is Dawson, anyhow?" She knows him and is proud of him, as The Star-Eyed Beauty of the Coastal Plain.

Buffalo Bill's wild west show in New York is said to be curing the anglo-mania in that town. It is said to prove to be true, what is to hinder Buffalo B. from becoming a prominent candidate for president?

Why should Editor McClure, in his speech before the New York printers, feel called on to make fun of Mr. Childs? To go further, why should he misrepresent facts and state that Mr. Childs is named George Washington Childs? There are some things about Philadelphia editors that we do not fully understand.

CARTER HARRISON, mayor of Chicago, says that Miss Van Zandt has a perfect right to make a fool of herself. It will be remembered that Carter has pushed his own rights in this matter to the extreme limit.

THE Courier-Journal is quoting from the Savannah News to show that the south is not prospering under the tariff. The News is a genuine free trader, and doesn't even believe in protection to the rice-planters. Or does it? Really, we have forgotten. Will the News enlighten us about this?

EUGENE FIELD, of the Chicago News, is now writing some beautiful poems to which he signs the name of Frank T. Crampton. In the latest, he remarks: "For soon must come that night of nights, and I will slip unnoticed out with the dark." This is a very good scheme, and affectionate one. It has been observed, however, that when Mr. Field returns from these little slips, he smells of the clove and cinnamon bud.

THE Boston Herald tells of an "unfeeling response" made by Congressman Tom Reed, of Maine. The reason the response was unfeeling is because Congressman Reed uses his proboscis as a telephone.

PROMINENT MEN.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, is a one-legged veteran.

Secretary Lamar is the best swordsman in Washington.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, has four Harvard graduates on his staff.

Frank Hurd made \$25,000 as a fee in a case for Mackey, the millionaire.

According to Jomani, Napoleon's force consisted of 300,000 men, which included Polish, Bavarian, Saxon and Westphalian allies, and reserves, and also the Austrian contingent of 32,000. This, however, represents the entire army organization rather than those who actually engaged in the campaign. About 480,000 crossed Russia, but not more than 340,000 of that number advanced on the Dvina. From Poland, especially from the Niemen to Moscow, the grand palanquins of Napoleon melted away under carriage, disease, exposure and privation with fearful rapidity. On the 23d of July the Russians made prisoners of an entire Saxon brigade at Kobrin. Of 160,000 French soldiers engaged at Smolensk, 15,000 were left dead on the field. Losses of a few thousand in the struggles for position and in skirmishes were taken no note of. At Borodino, out of 125,000 or 130,000 French who entered the contest, 30,000 fell the dust. The loss of both armies in that battle amounted to between 80,000 and 100,000. Jomani says of it: "I have fought many a battle in my life, but I have never seen one as terrible as this." The wounded on both sides were taken to Moscow, where nearly all died in the hospitals, or perished in the flames.

Napoleon entered Moscow with 100,000 men, worn out with constant fighting and marching. After the conflagration he left the ruined city with about 50,000 combatants and 150,000 convalescents, leaving Mortier to blow up the Kremlin, cover up his communication and follow after him. Then commenced a scene of horror. Wounds, diseases, cold and starvation still played havoc with the little remnant of the "grand army," until, before the Russian frontiers were well behind, it was reduced to a mere handful of wretched stragglers. The loss of the French and their auxiliaries, in the campaign, stated by one writer at 125,000 and 132,000 dead from fatigue, hunger, disease and cold, and 195,000 made prisoners. In the retreat from Moscow alone 90,000 perished.

Married Men Generally Do.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Secretary Lamar was seized upon the other day by the Emory college boys at Oxford, Miss. They told him that since he had taken Mrs. Holt from Oxford, he must pay a forfeit. What they demanded was that he should give the oration at the next commencement there. The bridegroom had to bow to the inevitable.

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From the Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

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Like Sam Jones.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just at this time if you wet your fingers and touch an Indiana citizen he shies. Red hot.

Philadelphia Telegram (rep.): A senator of

this great country should be deliberately chosen as a king; he should be wise, learned, patriotic, honorable. He should be a statesman, not a politician; he should be a man of affairs, not a mere successful vagabond.

• Kansas City Journal: The Inter Ocean has published a remarkable picture of Thomas J. Claverius, who was hung the other day in Virginia for murder. It must have been taken shortly after the hanging.

JUST FOR FUN.

"The prisoner has a very smooth face," said Little Justice Dully the other day. "Yes, your honor," replied the facetious policeman, "he was ironed just before I brought him in."—Life.

Publisher: That book will cost you one dollar, sir.

Customer: Is that your inside figure? I'm a newspaper man.

Publisher: Oh, in that case we won't charge you anything for it. Just give it a half-cent notice in your paper, and take it along. We wouldn't think of charging members of the press anything for books.—Life.

A little too was told that when spelling words like good, seed, he was not to say o-o, or e-e, but double of d-o-u-b-l-e and so on. One day in his reading lesson occurred the sentence: "Up, up, Ned, for the sun is up," when the little fellow electrified his mamma by reading: "Double up, Ned, for the sun is up!"

"They had just been to see Booth in 'Hamlet,'" "How did you like the performance?" asked Symperson.

"Delightful, with three exceptions. The king wasn't any good, and neither was the queen, and there was, one other character that was very badly played."

"Ah, perhaps the jack," suggested Symperson.—Tidbits.

Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought him home from the club in a highly incriminated condition)—Booze, come in wize me and get (hic) drink. Think my house. I'm (hic) here!

Mrs. Stiggins (from the window)—Please leave the boss on the steps, gentlemen, and I'll come down and fetch him in.—Texas Sittings.

Indignant Citizen—There was a burglar here last night, and he might have murdered us all if it hadn't been for the dog.

Policeman—The dog that I'm looking for, sir.

"The dog? What do you want of him?"

"He ain't registered, and it's me duty to shoot 'im, sir."

"Can you tell me my dear?"

"Then he snuggled up near."

To expedite verbalization—

"Why this trim little waist."

Where my arm is now placed is like a post trader's station?"

"Ain't you awful?" she said.

"Tho' she ne'er set her head."

To whom his with shallow soundings,

But to her side.

Drawing near, replied:

"It's because of its army surroundings."

—Yonkers Gazette.

"And you say you were not discharged from the last place?" said Mrs. Crisswack, questioning a candidate for the office of cook.

"No, mum. I left, mum."

"How long were you in your last place?"

"Five years, mum."

"And why did you leave?"

"I was getting too fat, mum."

"Well?"

"Oh, sure, I couldn't wear the missus's dresses any more, and I had to stay at home from the balls. I thought, mum, it was time to make a change.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Papa," inquired a young woman, "at the concert last night I heard somebody refer to the tenor ensemble. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?"

Papa (not quite sure of himself)—I think it must be Papa for trombone.—Life.

"News" echoed a clerk in a freight office to the news railroad reporter's query. "No, but my dear sir, as you are entering upon your new duties, let me give you some good, fatherly advice. Never put in your paper the statement that 'the pay car is expected here in a few days,' but always wait until about two weeks after it has been here before making a note of it. Why? Well, if you were to see the way our creditors pile in on us after finding in the paper that our ship's about coming in, you'd know. Yes, my dear reporter, don't do this favor, and I'll remember you next Christmas with an elegant gold-headed cane."—Buffalo Express.

Secretary of War—Uncle Sam, it looks pretty squally over in Europe.

Uncle Sam—All right; the moving machine factories are in full blast.

But we might get drawn into it, and we are absolutely without defenses. Suppose a foreign army should attack Washington?

"How much money is there in the treasury?"

"Well, to begin with, there are \$187,000,000 silver dollars."

"Just the thing. Use them as bricksbats"—Omaha World.

Mama (who nearly begged herself to give Dot the biggest doll to be found in the market)—Why don't you play with your nice doll, Dot?

Little Dot—It's too big.

"Why, pet, I picked it out because it was so nice and big."

"You did? Well, I don't see why people can't think."

"Can't think?"

"Yes. How would you like a baby what's born growed up?"—Omaha World.

A Boston lady prominently identified with Sunday school work, and who is much interested in bringing our Chinese residents within the pale of Christian influence, called the other day upon one of her celestial proteges. John welcomed her visit to his laundry with evident pleasure, and when the greetings were over the Mongolian, in response to her inquiry, gave her to understand that he enjoyed very much attending a Sunday school, information that was exceedingly gratifying. Anxious, however, to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the Sunday school, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, yi," came the convincing response, "washee lo! le whole congregation!"—Boston Budget.

ECHOES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Napoleon's Russian Campaign.

D. C. T., Dadeville, Ala.: How many men did Napoleon have with him in his Russian campaign?

According to Jomani, Napoleon's force consisted of 300,000 men, which included Polish, Bavarian, Saxon and Westphalian allies, and reserves, and also the Austrian contingent of 32,000. This, however, represents the entire army organization rather than those who actually engaged in the campaign. About 480,000 crossed Russia, but not more than 340,000 of that number advanced on the Dvina. From Poland, especially from the Niemen to Moscow, the grand palanquins of Napoleon melted away under carriage, disease, exposure and privation with fearful rapidity. On the 23d of July the Russians made prisoners of an entire Saxon brigade at Kobrin. Of 160,000 French soldiers engaged at Smolensk, 15,000 were left dead on the field. Losses of a few thousand in the struggles for position and in skirmishes were taken no note of. At Borodino, out of 125,000 or 130,000 French who entered the contest, 30,000 fell the dust. The loss of both armies in that battle amounted to between 80,000 and 100,000. Jomani says of it: "I have fought many a battle in my life, but I have never seen one as terrible as this." The wounded on both sides were taken to Moscow, where nearly all died in the hospitals, or perished in the flames.

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Philadelphia Telegram (rep.): A senator of

CONSTITUTIONALS.

Pencil Paragraphs and Editorial Sketches Caught on the Fly.

"Did you ever hear of Bill Anderson, of Missouri?"

This was the question of an ex-confederate in Virginia, with whom I was not long ago discussing the story that an attempt

A Number of Pleasant Paragraphs About the Happenings in Society Circles—The Meetings of Clubs—Several Weddings, Past and in Prospect—Notes of Various Sorts.

—A most enjoyable social event of the present week was an entertainment given by Dr. and Mrs. H. D. D. Straton on last Thursday evening at their beautiful residence in West End. A number of

Thursday evening, the Capital City club

Macon was well represented here this week in the persons of A. E. Chappell, E. C. Doughtie, Tom Black, Joe Waxelbaum, Jack Martin and Will Deitz.

Captain John H. White, of Griffin and New York, was around this week shaking hands with old friends.

Covington.
On last night a large and appreciative audience greeted the Mendelssohn club, of Oxford, in Simms's music hall. The concert was given for the benefit of the Methodist parsonage at this place.

Duluth.

Miss Bobbie Graham is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ferdue, at West End.

Mr. J. J. Little and family, have moved to Texas, much to the regret of their many friends of Duluth.

Mrs. F. B. Rutledge, of Lawrenceville, visited

home, a most elegant reception was held. The beauty and gallantry of Griffin was present, and until a late hour joy and happiness ruled with a monarch's power. Mrs. Lyons received and entertained her guest in a most fascinating manner. The refreshments were all that the most fastidious

McDonogh.
Miss Beol Elliott, of Jonesboro, is visiting
Mrs. Sallie Smith this week.
Dr. C. D. McDonald visited Atlanta last Monday.
J. D. Turnipseed paid a flying visit to Hampton
on Sunday.
Professor Fitch Alexander, of Cotton Valley, has

Mrs. F. D. McMillan is visiting her brother, Col. E. J. Reagan.

leased by Mrs. M. A. Bower for five years, at an aggregate rental of \$40,000, as follows:

First year	\$6,000
Second year	\$7,000
Third year	\$8,000
Fourth year	\$9,000
Fifth year	\$10,000

This is the third year of Mrs. Bower's lease and consequently she will pay \$9,000, or about \$2,900 per month for the year.

Mr. Bower was formerly proprietress of the

the ability and sagacity of this remarkable woman. She exhibited her superior judgment from the first by placing the management in the hands of Captain A. Gillett, whose reputation as a

Decorated China French plates, each..... 15/-worth 25/-
in immense line of beautiful Lamp, Fancy
Glasses, Cut, Engraved and Decorated Glassware,
Pottery, Novelties, Holiday and Bridal Pres-
ents. Everything sold cheap in same proportion.
All orders will receive prompt attention. DUNN,
11, 13, & 15, 45 Peachtree street.

AIR-RAIL

Railroad Company)

Route East.

Elegant Coaches without
and WASHINGTON,
ing Cars.

NEW YORK,

WASHINGTON.		
Santa to New York.		
Per Mail No. 53.	Express No. 52.	
7 40 a.m.	6 00 p.m.	
8 40 a.m.	7 00 p.m.	
6 25 p.m.	7 40 a.m.	
8 01 p.m.	8 41 a.m.	
9 47 p.m.	10 19 a.m.	
2 00 p.m.	3 22 p.m.	
4 30 a.m.	5 20 p.m.	
8 30 a.m.	11 25 p.m.	
10 03 a.m.	3 25 p.m.	
12 35 p.m.	3 20 p.m.	
2 00 p.m.	3 20 p.m.	
10 30 p.m.	6 20 a.m.	
	3 40 p.m.	
12 00 a.m.	10 25 a.m.	
6 40 a.m.	3 40 p.m.	
12 20 a.m.	7 30 p.m.	
	8 00 a.m.	
10 40 a.m.	9 40 p.m.	
	7 40 a.m.	
	7 40 p.m.	
	8 00 p.m.	

WASHINGTON.

Sunday.

East.

West.

KING.

NATIA NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD

No. 54.	No. 47.
7 40 a.m.	4 30 p.m.
11 50 a.m.	9 10 p.m.
No. 50.	No. 50A.
6 20 a.m.	4 45 p.m.
10 40 a.m.	12 10 p.m.

Ticket office at 13 N. Main St.,
R. Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Washington, D. C.
C. E. SKEGGS,
City Pass. Agt.,
Albany, Ga.

SAVANNAH A.R.R.

In effect Sunday, Dec 1st.

EXPRESS-DAILY.

to Savannah 7 30 a.m.
from Savannah 11 40 a.m.
to Atlanta 1 00 p.m.

DAILY EXPRESS-DAILY.

to Savannah 1 00 p.m.
from Savannah 3 25 p.m.
Daily Except Sundays 7 07 p.m.
Sundays 5 45 p.m.
to Atlanta 6 50 p.m.
from Atlanta 1 40 p.m.
to Savannah 5 30 p.m.

and by signals.

EXPRESS-DAILY.

to Savannah 12 30 p.m.
from Savannah 5 35 a.m.

EXPRESS-DAILY.

to Savannah 5 30 p.m.
from Savannah 9 38 p.m.
to Atlanta 11 35 p.m.

ARRANGEMENTS.

cars and Mann Bonds to Cincinnati without stopping.

The sleeping cars Jacksonville; also Pullman coaches; Atlanta to Savannah via Macon, and to Nashville without stopping.

FOUND.

SS-DAILY.

to stations 1 00 a.m.
from stations 4 41 p.m.

SS-DAILY.

to stations 1 15 p.m.
from stations 1 20 p.m.

SS-DAILY.

to stations 6 05 p.m.
from stations 3 15 p.m.

Daily Except Sundays.

to stations 7 05 a.m.
from stations 11 05 a.m.

and by signal.

ARRANGEMENTS.

cars and Mann Bonds to Chicago, and to Louisville via Chicago.

Chattanooga to Asheville to Atlanta and back to Atlanta without stopping.

JOS. M. BROWN,
Pass. and Ticket Agent,
ALTON ANGIER,
Pass. and Ticket Agent.

ALTON RAILROAD

PASSENGER'S OFFICE.

December 26, 1886.

MEMO 8.

January 26, 1886. Total

other notice.

Daily.	
No. 1.	No. 2.
7 00 a.m.	2 00 p.m.
7 05 "	3 05 "
7 15 "	3 15 "
7 25 "	3 25 "
7 41 "	3 41 "
7 50 "	3 50 "
8 00 "	4 00 "
8 05 "	4 10 "
8 10 a.m.	4 15 p.m.
Daily.	
No. 2.	No. 4.
9 20 a.m.	5 20 p.m.
9 25 "	5 25 "
9 51 "	5 51 "
10 01 "	6 01 "
10 11 "	6 11 "
10 21 "	6 21 "
10 36 "	6 36 "
10 47 "	6 47 "
11 04 a.m.	7 00 p.m.

W. R. R. of Albany and some Railroad, and the

F. H. HARRIS,
Acting Supr.

We are ready to meet the needs of the public and to make the most of the time of travel, and have the latest and best equipment.

MURPHY Bros.
Between the first and second class of the public and low fares to all points of the Atlantic coast of the city.

A. L. HARTY,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Price \$1.00.

& CO., Agents.

IT CURE

DAYS.

NO PAY.

a PERMANENT CURE.

NELMS & MOORE,
BrynMawr/Oddo Co. Co.,

This image shows a vertical, elongated object with a dark, heavily textured surface. It appears to be a scan of a physical object, possibly a book cover or a piece of aged wood. The surface is uneven, with numerous scratches, scuffs, and areas of discoloration. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with brighter areas at the top and bottom edges, and darker, more shadowed regions in the middle. The overall appearance is one of age and wear.

